

to Park City. Joseph S. Murdock and his sons; E. J. Duke, John H. Luke and A. C. Hatch operated some of the lines.

Among the fine inspiring traditions in this country of ours is the thrilling slogan: "The mail must go through." It may have been born during the exciting days of the pony express when fearless men risked their lives each day and night. Wherever or however it was born, certainly no finer chapter in the annals of U.S. mail history can be found than that recorded in the almost lifelong service of our fellow townsman, Elisha J. Duke, known and respected throughout the state as "Lishe."

Over fifty years ago a boy in his teens tightened the lines across the back of a freight team and made his first trip from Heber to Park City. James A. Garfield was president then. There wasn't even a telephone connecting Wasatch county which then extended eastward to the Colorado line, with the outside world. What were then called roads would be now termed cow trails. But from that day that same youth now seventy-six years young, has almost daily traveled this route. Thirty-seven years ago President McKinley designated him official mail carrier between Heber and Park City. Of course, that brought better equipment consisting of a string of horses, better adapted to speed and behind them "Lishe" mounted the then famous "white top" mountain road wagon leaving daily on the hour with its load of mail and passengers bound for Park City. With the coming of the railroad, progress seemed to dictate that the mail be brought in by the more modern method of rail delivery. But when it became apparent that mail out of Salt Lake City required a couple of days to reach here, it began to look as if the old method was best after all. Many old-timers still recall the expressions of sympathy that went out to "Lishe" as they watched his caravan of teams pull up legweary and mud-covered to discharge their stacked-up cargo of mail and post that had accumulated because of the always inevitable "snow-slide in Provo Canyon" which except for his faithful adherence to duty would have cut this valley off from communication for weeks at a time. The irony of the situation can be better understood when it is known that for this re-routed mail and post he got little additional pay. Perhaps the most grueling experience in his long career came in February, 1917 when five teams and fifteen men over a period of three days battled to hold aloft that banner—"the mail must go through." Many a winter night new kerosene was added to the family lamp to wait and see if "Lishe" Duke had got in with the mail.

Ripley might well observe that this dependable servant of Uncle Sam and the people of his capacity as mail carrier has traveled each season more miles than is necessary to encircle the globe; he got the mail through if he had to do it on snowshoes or transfer from sleigh to wagon; he has pounded down to their last rattle fourteen model T Fords to say nothing of diverse makes of other cars which have gone to the scrap heap under this relentless grilling; he has never had an accident! never had a vacation; and today at seventy-six you set your clock with the time of his departure or arrival. Maybe the fine mail service we enjoy today per-